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Original Poetry.

THE HUMAN HEART.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

By anguish wrung, with many cares oppressed,
Weak, erring, sinful, tempted, and betrayed,
Shaken by fears, borne on in wild career,
Longing for death, and yet of death afraid.
II.
How many untold crimes and dark deeds
Lark in its secret chambers, earth-delled?
What skeletons of virtue—vain conceits—
Unhallowed lusts, with Christ's cross reconciled.
III.
What pained trust, frail faith in her decline—
What selfish aims, what foolish, fond desires,
And yet, what God-born love, and how divine
The heavenly light to which its thought aspires.
IV.
What patient, meek endurance has it shown—
What silent suffering, and what speechless grief—
To what sublime proportions has it grown,
Carved by affliction, God's great sculptor-chief.
V.
Yes—every form of evil and of good
Has known it, helped to shape its life;
Christ-like forgiveness and the crime of blood—
Good born of good, and evil self-begot.
VI.
Peace! let it rest—it cannot long outlive
Life's stormy sea, the adverse winds of fate;
Lifted, at last, on Death's great mountain wave,
It stands in living light at Heaven's broad gate.

ALICE.

BY W. F. BRANNAN.

First I knew thee, gentle Alice,
In thy babyhood of life;
In thy very life of life;
Free from sorrow's bitter chalice,
In this weary world of strife.
Then a wild within a tower,
Swayed by golden gales of air—
Lulled in cradles of air—
Breathing promise of a flower,
Verdure and joy and mirth.
Bitter years of pain and sorrow,
Ere I saw thee, sweet, again—
Saw thee through my years of pain;
And the hopes of that past morrow
Broke once more upon my brain.
Now a bloom of such rare sweetness,
Human being might linger there;
Honey-laden lingers there;
Blossoming in thy rich completeness,
Lily pure and Angel fair.
Bud and bloom more pure or holy,
Never bloomed the gaze's eye—
Joy-captivated gaze's eye;
Pompeian prince, and peasant lowly,
Pause whilst thou art passing by.
Thou shalt be my true Evangel,
I will put my faith in thee—
Holy trust and faith in thee—
Where thou art, O guardian angel,
There my dwelling place would be!

Louisville, Ky.

AN IDEAL.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Ah, her face is very fair—
Pale and rosy, white and red,
And the glorious golden hair
Hovers mid-like round her head.
And her voice is soft and low,
Very gentle, very sweet;
Hearing in God's reverent ear,
Where the sound and silence meet.
And the magic who can tell
Of her innocent replies,
Or what heavenly meanings dwell
In her kind, confiding eyes.
Ray tips, as robes bright,
Hardly hide the tiny pearls,
Little wandering stars of light
Love to nestle in her curls.
She has very winning ways,
Full of tenderness and grace,
And a sacred sweetness plays
Gently o'er her gentle face.
And her soul is pure within—
Bathed in God's ever air;
Evil and the shame of sin
Cannot dwell a moment there—
Now, then lovely little girl,
Fond creation of the brain,
Phantom, born in fancy's whirl—
Must I hope for thee in vain?
Nay—the tide of being roll
Towards a Heaven yet to be!
Sister of my soul,
Wait thou for my love and me!

DANDELIONS.

BY FREDERICK A. PARMENTER.

O, golden compass in sweet Nature's book,
Sweep up and down her emerald-tinted page,
Like revelations of the twilight past,
Ye come now to me in my manhood's age.
II.
The dew-drops glittering tear-like in your eyes,
Reflect the silver-breasted stars above,
And teach me that my soul, depending heart,
May likewise mirror back God's boundless love!
III.
No truer wisdom than I o'er my grave,
Than your green-grassed, unpretending forms,
E'er faithful, in the golden summer calms,
Nor flaring at the rude autumnal storms.
—The Living Age of this week contains a portrait of Sir J. F. W. Herschel.
—The Empress Eugenie completed her thirty-third year on the third (or thirty-third) instant.

PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Report on a Collection of Peruvian Antiquities, recently brought to this city by Mr. Charles W. Farris, made to the American Ethnological Society at meeting in May, 1859, and read also before the New York Historical Society, in whose rooms the articles are deposited and open to public inspection.

Mr. Farris, who has resided upwards of twenty years in Peru, has lately brought hither a collection of Antiquities, which he offers for sale. They comprise pottery, stone implements, woven fabrics, cross-ornaments, beads, ear-drops, shawl-pins, and divers works in metals. With slight exceptions all are from tombs opened by himself, and the greater part from sites of old towns on the Andes, and districts bordering on the Andes. On this latter account, the articles have an interest somewhat greater than those of usual collections, which are chiefly from cemeteries bordering on the coast.

The Earthenware forms a conspicuous part of the collection. It comprises 96 vases, or waterpots, varying in capacity from half a gallon to half a pint—the average of a pint. A few are double-bodied, and others have double spouts, connected by a handle, a feature not confined to Peruvian pottery. It is the characteristic feature of the aboriginal "monkey," or "Pitche of Brazil," a vessel, and the most popular one, in universal use in that Empire. While a few are of good forms, the rest are modelled after vegetable and living patterns: melons, gourds, and other oblique fruit. The head of a female shows a close fitting cap, and the mode of arranging the hair behind. An old woman with a large water-jar at her back, and held by a strap passing across her forehead, is well represented, and is a pretty fair imitation that Peruvian females were little better off in bearing heavy burdens than North American Squaws. Vessels in imitation of ducks, parrots, the pelican, turkey, land turtle, wild cat, llama, otter, seal, shark, etc., are not striking copies of the originals. The head of a bear constitutes one vessel, and is tolerably well imitated.

Plainer vases are set off with the heads of lizards, heads of the fox, wolf, lizard, serpents, and monkeys. Traces of painting remain on some. Two or three are adorned with figures in relief, and one with depressed lines, in good taste. A Bornea is shaped like the classical Amphora, and was used of equal dimensions by the Incas. It is the precise form of those now used for carrying liquors to the coast. A TENAZA in miniature—the Incas vessel for storing Chica, and still common in Arica and other towns.

There does not appear to be a single vessel for heating water; at least, not one resembling those often found with other domestic utensils in Peruvian graves.

The articles in stone are generally small. Boulders, axes, hammer-heads, tools, chisels, ruyal war-clubs, and divers other matters, there are two black figures of the llama, with a cavity sunk in the back of each. They are probably mortars, and appear to have been somewhat common. There were seventeen or more precisely like these in General Alvarez's collection, and Lieut. Gibbon met with two in Cusco. See *Exploration of the Amazon*, Part II. There are also two alpacas, and a minkie figure, though imperfectly panned. Among the smaller articles liable to be passed over, are square-ornaments, ear-drops, a child's necklace, and what is more interesting, bolts or weights used in spinning, of various forms: some are identical with those figured on Mexican paintings, two are of baked clay and decorated, one is of bronze, and the rest of stone. It is to be regretted that the small wooden rods or spindles, and the shells or gourds, in which the spinners whirled them, were not picked up; for the aboriginal thread-making processes differed from the one common to the Eastern Hemisphere.

It is very obvious that from the many graves opened by Mr. Farris and his assistants, numerous matters of interest have been left or thrown aside as worthless, and some otherwise disposed of. Articles of gold and of silver, I understood him to say he had sold.

It is generally admitted that there are three well-defined stages of human progress, each characterized by the substance of the instruments by which man is ordained to improve his condition: stone, bronze, and iron. The earth is a factory stocked with raw material, and he, its occupant, is left to devise tools to work it up. Wherever we know what these were, we know pretty nearly what his condition was. The Peruvians had implements of copper slightly hardened with tin, but along with these, knives, chisels, punches, and hammers of stone are found in their graves. They had not passed through the grievous age of stone, although they produced a variety of articles in the softer metals, gold, silver, and copper.

The METALLIC specimens in the collection are, on the whole, of an inferior character. This would not, however, detract from their archaeological value, were the dates of, and circumstances attending, their fabrication and also of their discovery known. With few exceptions, to be noticed anon, the whole are cast, and are of copper slightly alloyed with tin—not apparently exceeding four per cent.—hence they are easily cut with a penknife. Such is the average composition of old Peruvian edge-tools, and the queries arise, why did they not increase the dose of tin and make them hard even as our files? The reason it is presumed was this: They would then have been brittle as bell-metal, and when broken would be useless, whereas a small dose left them so far malleable that the edges when blunted could be drawn out afresh with the hammer.

The popular hypothesis, that withholds steel from the old Egyptians and contemporary peoples of Asia, and accords to them the art of making out of copper, tools equal, nay superior, to the best of our steel ones, by some process of hardening, now lost, seems too poetical to have emanated from practical minds. It has been also brought forward to account for some ancient American architectural remains, although not an instrument has been discovered, nor any metal or alloy that sanctions the opinion. After all the learned discussions on the subject, it will be time enough to yield assent, when old chiefs of the kind have been found, or, as some think the secret of hardening has been ascertained, modern ones produced. From the expansion of the arts, a fresh material for the hardest, and consequently the finest, of our edge tools, would be a greater acquisition to the world now, than it ever could have been to the cutlers and stonecutters of old. If there were ever such an one in use, it is creditable to our age that it has not been reproduced.

Not the least remarkable of the recently discovered American sculptures, relating to the conquest of Sancherib, has direct reference to this matter. What appear to be iron helmets, hachetas, maces, spears, and pickaxes, are represented. Had nothing more been discovered, some, or all of those, it might have been concluded, were bronze, as in kindred discussions on the Incas and other Nilitic remains; but of pickaxes, ninety-seven of the article itself have been found in a chamber of the palace of Khorakand, "with the points of pointed steel." See *Nineveh and its Palace*, by Bunsen, p. 228, London, 1857. The sculptures make it evident, that it was sometimes the practice of Assyrian monarchs to raise a captured city to the ground—actually, not to leave one stone upon another; hence, the great

numbers of these implements comprised in the material of war.

Among the articles in bronze are: A war-mace with six rays, and an inch opening for the handle. Two axes (commonly so called), one of the form of the letter T; the upper part battered as if it had been used for a wedge. Knives, with curved edges, some resembling those of modern gloves and old Egyptian artisans in leather. Needles or bodkins, four or five inches long. A piece of twisted wire formed by hammering (steel?) did beat the gold into thin plates and cut it into wires.—Exodus xxxix. 3. Human faces with rays, supposed representations of the sun. Small busts pretty fairly designed. One with a perfect Grecian or Roman helmet, with crest. Were this a genuine American antique, it would possess unusual interest: its claims are doubtful. There are also a few small castings almost as yellow as brass, and if of that alloy are of course modern, as the Peruvians had no zinc. Shawl-pins five inches long, with large spread-out heads. Such are figured and described by old writers. Indian women in Bolivia and Peru still wear them.

There is a wrought hollow head of silver, which might serve to hold a walking stick. It appears to have been part of one of those small and thin statues that occur in Peruvian graves—interesting as a specimen of hand soldering.

A part of the collection consists of three ornamental articles of dress, taken from the mummies of a chieftain and his wife—a poncho, apron, and shawl. They are of cotton, in pretty good preservation, rather loosely woven, and have two threads in the wool to one in the weft, a variety of weaving sometimes found in Egyptian tombs. The poncho is sixty inches by thirty; it has been woven in two strips of fifteen inches, having a seam through the middle. The ends have been well set off with a fringe of bright, blue, and red feathers, mutilated portions of which still remain. The apron is little over a foot square, with a fringe of red feathers at the bottom. The shawl is 36 inches by 21. It has had a rich border, also, exclusively of scarlet feathers, with tassels at the four corners; fragments of both are still held to by the original threads. But the chief peculiarity is a number of silver-looking scales, in the form of fishes, each 24 inches long, and 14 inches wide, attached to the garments of thread. There have been thirteen on the small apron and its belt; twenty on the shawl, of which only four or five remain; while not less than 45 still adhere to the poncho. These tincl gauds are rude, and wild in outline, with abortive attempts to indicate rays, fins, and eyes, by light indentations, with a chisel-formed tool.

But a more striking object was taken from the forehead of the Chief, viz: a large frontlet of the same metal as the fishes. This insignia of honor or office, of an oval form, is 64 inches wide, and 8 inches high, exclusive of the stem, which is 2 inches. Except the stem, the plate has been reduced by hammering to the thickness of stout paper. The weight is a fraction under three ounces. Some figures are slightly raised on the face, but unintelligible, with the exception of three fishes similar in outline to those on the dresses. The workmanship is primitive; and so is that of five small boat-shaped dishes, found in the same grave. The *poncho*, *shawl*, and *apron*, are very interesting, and undoubtedly a natural one. Chilian and Peruvian mummies now yield such alloys. The ores of Morocco, visited by Lieut. Herndon in 1851, yielded alloy mixed with 60 per cent. of copper. "The copper and silver of these mountains," he remarks, "are intimately mixed." *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon*, Part I. p. 85.

One word on this alloy, since similar specimens have led to the erroneous conclusion that the ancient Peruvians had something like our plated metals; and because it furnishes another proof that the devices of art, chemical or mechanical, are all referable to those of nature. It is well known to dealers in silver ware, that large quantities are now made, far below the old standard, the authorized dose of copper being unprecipitated increased. When shipped by sea, or packed long away in moist places, the fact is apt to become manifest in spots of green oxide breaking out. To prevent an early appearance of this unpleasant eruption, it is the custom to immerse the completely-formed articles in a "pickle" which etch out the copper from the surface. A bath in a terrestrial country on such a scale, is an episode unparalleled in the history of our globe; and though we, who live during its accomplishment, are in a manner indifferent to its magnitude, and to its bearings on the destinies of the species in coming times, it will be discussed and be referred to in the distant future as one of our ever memorable significance. See *Life in Brazil*, p. 445.

Antiquarian researches have been richly rewarded in the East, and there is no doubt that they will be prosecuted there with increasing energy and success. The fields of labor are ripe, and their products turned to immediate account in the elucidation of history—sacred and profane. Things are different here. Indeed, the greatest such is scarcely begun, and hence very marked and striking results have been obtained—no remote people and dates determined. We are yet ignorant of the epoch of the mounds in North America, of the builders of Palenque and contemporaneous ruins in the forests of Central America, and of the first growth of civilization on the Western slope of the Andes. But these enigmas, and greater than these, will in time be explained.

It is hardly necessary to attempt here the refutation of an hypothesis maintained by some modern writers on the Natural History of our species; that barbarism is not a simple but a highly artificial state, that the original condition of man was one of profound knowledge of nature, and that ancient and modern civilizations are *deus* of primordial science and refinement! This appears to be not only opposed to experience and observation, but conflicts with the testimony of the earth itself, since she everywhere presents us with miserable specimens of primal devices in arrow-heads, flint, axes of stone, etc., instead of philosophical instruments and elaborate remains of advanced art. Then history, lay and religious, describes the first occupants of the earth's surface as barbarians—destitute of clothing, dwellings, fire, and consequently without artificial light, tools, and metal. If they therefore, possessed high theoretical knowledge, it was clearly useless to them, since they could not turn it to account. At all events they have not left the slightest evidences of its application.

We hold, then, that the Arts came at first, as they come now to untutored tribes—not by revelation, but by the most painful and tedious of processes; and though this course of training, beginning at the very foot of the scale, may be deemed, by surface-thinkers, unnecessarily severe, the closer it is examined, the more it will be found to accord with human nature, and with the wisdom and beneficence of the Divine Builder and Owner of this mundane sphere. Nothing less could have adequately awakened and stimulated the inventive powers of its lease-holder, Artisan Man; nor have enforced on him the cardinal lesson that the bettering of his condition depended on himself. The first part of his pathway prepared him for the second. It is inconceivable that he could have entered on the age of metals without passing through the discipline of that

and uniform accounts of Spanish writers, very pleasing ideas of the advanced state of industrial and ornate arts among the Peruvians under the Incas, have been prevalent; and we read of engineering undertakings, that, in magnitude and utility, rival our own. It is due to truth to state that neither this collection, nor any other we have seen, tends to strengthen such favorable impressions. There is a lack of adequate collateral arts, to sustain faith in certain architectural and other great works, ascribed to Manco Capac and his successors. The pottery does not surpass that of semi-barbarous tribes. In its forms, utility is sacrificed to the incongruous and grotesque. Its general character as a staple manufacture is low, being soft, crumbling, and inadequately baked. Then it is all labored with the hand. No indication whatever of the potter's wheel has been discovered. The bronze and stone axes and war-clubs in this and other collections, the large and rough needles, and shawl pins, the Caciques frontlet and metal ornaments on his dress, and on that of his wife, seem more compatible with the beginning, than the close, of an "age of bronze."

If it be said, most of those articles collected by Mr. Farris are from interior and least-advanced districts, the question is but slightly affected by referring to the collection of General Alvarez (the last Spanish Commander of the Province of Cuzco), which for richness, variety, and extent, has not been surpassed if equalled in later times. An account of it was first published by the undersigned in "Life in Brazil," three years ago. The truth is, after according the fullest measure of credit due to the intelligence and enterprise of Incan Dynasties, there looms up behind them, in carved monoliths, hewn granite structures, and kindred remains, evidences of a superior and anterior civilization; works which were a puzzle to the ancient people of the country. Gardiano has recorded a current tradition that ascribed them to mythic ages and individuals—"Giantes." They present to the antiquarian and historian, a question of peculiar and unequalled interest; unequalled in this, that up to recent times the entire Southern half of the planet, has been, as regards civilization, an *unexplored desert*, with the exception of one solitary spot, and that spot Peru. No other old centre of progress has been discovered south of the equator; and the fact accords with the theory that the tropics are the base lines of civilization throughout the earth, and that human culture is ordained to flourish most in the temperate zones.

The arts at the earliest times, in the East inclined Northward, and so they have continued to the present times. Between the parallels of 10° and 40° all the famous nations of old flourished; none extended their influence to the equator. It was the same on this side of the earth: Mexico, Yucatan, and the central States are between 10° and 20°. Ancient American civilization never passed the Isthmus, and consequently never reached the regions of the Amazon.

Relics of American Arts are of peculiar interest, inasmuch as they are connected with the solution of one of the grandest problems of human history. Here is one-half of the planet without a page of written record, without legends or intelligible traditions. From its first occupancy, at a period whose date no modern days, it presents to the historian, instead of a chronicle of dynasties, and stirring actions, and mighty events, a huge and silent blank. Not the name of an individual, or the sound of a footfall, preserved!

Comparatively speaking, it was but yesterday the continents were discovered, and the fact of their being in possession of a peculiar race, proclaimed to the rest of the world; and now, as then, there is little more information to be obtained from Indians respecting their predecessors than from the native quadrupeds. Whatever is to be known, has to be drawn out of the ground—out of what the plough turns up; what mounds, graves, and existing earth-works may disclose, and what architectural ruins may afford. These are the only archives remaining of the deeds and destinies of the old inhabitants of the hemisphere; and hence everything registered in them, however trifling under other circumstances it might be considered, has a value proportioned to the insight it may give into national or social habits and conditions.

The American aborigines are melting away. A change in terrestrial occupancy on such a scale, is an episode unparalleled in the history of our globe; and though we, who live during its accomplishment, are in a manner indifferent to its magnitude, and to its bearings on the destinies of the species in coming times, it will be discussed and be referred to in the distant future as one of our ever memorable significance. See *Life in Brazil*, p. 445.

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of stone. Then observe how the establishment is organized to meet the diversified tastes, capacities, and conditions of its millions of employes—how it elicits genius, and rewards industry, by progressively diminishing the amount and improving the quality of required labor; and how intimately the principle of promotion is incorporated in it; so that those in the lowest grades may raise themselves to the highest—a fact well exemplified in the most potent of existing nations—of men, whose progenitors within modern periods of history, were barbarians.

A chart of the world, marking the social status of its occupants at the beginning of the present century, would represent the greater part of its surface as virgin savage soil; a fact amounting to an intimation, and some would think almost a demonstration, that we belong to a very early part of the epoch assigned for its occupancy by our species. As a whole, it is not unlike a new region visited by strolling parties "prospecting," squatters here and there, with some older settlements. Who can glance over the past and present condition of this dwelling place of man, and not be reminded of one in the disorder and confusion of recent possession? Much of it vacant, many parts of it unhealthy from long neglect, others unknown; and of those best known, not one made nest, and attractive, and complete—little "put to rights" on the ground floor, and of the contents of cellars, next to nothing known.

And man is like it. Rude and uninformed, he scarcely anywhere comprehends the character he bears towards it, nor the magnitude, dignity, and profits of the work assigned him; for the forces that await him as he becomes prepared to employ them. A part of his species has outgrown much of the ignorance and instincts of barbarism, but the most advanced are not wholly freed from it. Take him in the aggregate, and he lacks cultivation as much as the earth itself—and just as much, for its condition is, and will always be, a reflex of his own.

The Creator has made progression a principle in human development, and may not diversity in the social and intellectual conditions of peoples and races be another? Would not uniformity break the bond of mutual interests and dependence? Were all equally advanced, there could be little or no interchange of thought, or of the products of thought. It is therefore not improbable that inequality in science and the arts, akin to that which now subsists, may always subsist. It would accord with nature's maxim of "diversity in unity," and be perfectly consistent with general progress. By the time the lowest class has acquired the present knowledge of the highest, the latter may be as far ahead as now.

But progress has not been general, for while some have advanced, others have retrograded; nor has it been continuous—a melancholy truth, but one fraught with instruction of the highest import to nations. "Forward," is the word of the Creator to man, and hence it is, that whenever a people cease to press on, they begin to fall back; and are soon pushed aside to give place to others—such thrifless tenants are displaced by human landlords. This is the inevitable law. India, Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, fell, because they gloried in the destructive, "forward," of the word of the Creator to man, and hence it is, that whenever a people cease to press on, they begin to fall back; and are soon pushed aside to give place to others—such thrifless tenants are displaced by human landlords. This is the inevitable law. 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Dramatic Feuilleton.

The New Opera.

If you can bring your mind to comprehend music that makes Brignoli enthusiastic, and gives the Brightest and Best, the original and only Jacob, Anna Maria, and only, "cold chills down the back." Then you can have some idea of "Il Poluto" at the first representation of which I, the Editor, Whiskers, A. M. (in what Fry calls all the provoking finery of opera to-day), and various other distinguished persons, including Piccolomini, Brignoli, and Amosio, assisted on Monday.

I am not going to bore you with anything critical, analytical, or any other kind of this work. [Am I you glad?]

I am going to say this, however, that it has, like the *Parva*, passages which thrill you; passages which display genius; passages which make you say this man had the divine afflatus; the key to the inner recesses of the human soul. That key which neither Myself, nor Wagner, nor any other living master, except Verdi, will ever find if they live an hundred years.

The finale of the second act of the Poluto, the duet in the third, and the march in the first, are magnificent. The rest of the opera is common-place. It is quite evident that some hands other than Donizetti's have been at work on the score. Music claims Cavatina for life in the first act. It is good for her voice, but not a bit like Donizetti. It is like what Brown, or Smith, or anybody could do.

The libretto bothered the dear public a good deal. Some of the words were changed; others omitted, and new lines added. The analysis of the plot given in the programme, helped the monster a little, but that is not exactly the plot of the *Poluto*, but rather that of the *Martin*, which works are essentially not precisely the same.

I am going to let you find out the difference for yourself.

I see that the critics are all elaborate not to my mysterious, in their articles. As nearly as I can make them out, and I am going through a course of study, in cyphers and hieroglyphics, the opera was a good opera, well sung, and successful.

I thought Brignoli was superb. The honors of the night belong to him, chiefly. Pic, however, was very fine. Amosio rather clumsy in a bad role.

The mis en scene might have been worse and better. There were our old friends, in white muslin, S. P. Q. R.; also Amosio, a warlike man in a car (he looked like a gentleman from Centre Market, in a section of a soft soap barrel); further, we had a real brass band on the stage, which I like; and altogether, Strakosch must have spent as much as—well, say any fabulous amount, five hundred dollars (if there is as much money in the world), and verily he will have his reward.

En avant! Strakosch. The path of glory is strewn with town bits and Chemical Bank notes.

To-day, there's to be a Matinee, and on Monday, Pic makes her debut, and intends to orate to the public in English.

That's a good look-out for some fun. There will be a Matinee on Tuesday, and the debut on Wednesday of Cortesi in Sappho, which will be given on Friday, of course.

The season will go on till nearly the end of June. Miss de Wilhousky has made her debut (the daily papers say successfully) in *Oratorio*, for the benefit of the "Young Men's Christian Association." Was this by way of penance to the memory of the young men in whose many breasts she has excited anything but a Christian faith of mind?

Too Gross.

The most stupid canon of the season was that invented by the *Leader* about Pic having been presented with a carriage and horses by Whiskers. Curiously enough, that youth was the only person in town that believed it, and has quite worn out a copy of our contemporary by showing it in mysterious corners to sympathetic friends.

A. M. thinks his son ought to spank him and put him to bed. *Et cetera* and *cetera*.

I have not been behind other people in stirring up Brignoli. In fact I have been after him with the sharpest kind of a stick. But I think that even a terror ought to have fair play. The *Evening Post* don't agree with me. In Tuesday's issue it states that "Mr. Squires took the tenor part in *La Traviata* in consequence of the indisposition of Brignoli. The lazy tenor was out riding an hour before the curtain rose!" Now the *Post*, if so well informed as the busy B's movements, ought to know the fact that his voice was so fatigued by frequent rehearsals of the new opera that the manager thought it prudent to save it for the more important effort of Wednesday, so that Brignoli had nothing to do with the matter. I quite agree with the *Post* when it says that if Squires had a voice "he might become a popular tenor."

Just Imported.

I was "doing better" on last Monday, so I didn't go to see Captain Price and Miss Lucette.

I put them in the order in which the Captain places them.

He evidently belongs to the "dog-and-I-and-father" school.

I hear, however, that he made his debut before Mr. Bacon and a number of other persons connected with the British army and the peerage.

Louis the Nineteenth (I have found a Bourbon) says that when the Metropolitan curtain rose to unfold the glories of Captain Price to an admiring multitude, that the multitude wasn't there. Even the free list didn't come.

The free list was looking at the National Guard, or some Guard or other producing blue lights in Broadway.

But the free list came for the second place—came in a solid phalanx, like the Light Brigade at Bunker Hill (Balklava was it, well it's all the same—begun with B I know).

The first piece was the elegant little comedy, *Delicate Ground*, in which Miss Lucette was Madame (you see I am more polite than the Captain), and her attendant Mrs. Monstrous. The second piece was the Captain's magnanimous opus, *All's Fair in Love or War*.

It is one of the great works of the period.

Equal to the new bell-tower in the Park or Appleton's Cyclopaedia.

There is a young lady in a French camp. The young lady is loved by a non-commissioned officer (that's a Captain Price) and by the Colonel of the Regiment. The Colonel, like all field-officers, is the most absurdly opinionated person in the world, and makes, what Mr. George Christie calls "difficulties" for the Corporal.

In the end we see the triumph of the Corporal, who leads the lady to the altar, with the regiment in line, open order, officers and colors to the front, full salute for a General of Division.

* Mrs. de Wilhousky, in the British Museum, supposed to have been written by a British Priest, is a friend in the Province. The right of translation reserved.

That's what I call a new play, remarks Anna Maria, and the Pearl of Manhattan was, as unusual, right. Plays are literary exotics. They are only good in the exact ratio of their absurdity, and their contrast to everything in life. Now in this every-day world the lady would never have so much as looked at the non-com, or if she had, the Colonel would have simply sent him to Kamachaka, or somewhere else, without the slightest hesitation.

As to the acting of the new stars, the least said, etc.—the proverb's somewhat musty. The Captain, like his distinguished relative, "the noble lord at the head of her Majesty's government," has appealed to the country, gone to Boston, where I really hope they'll like him. He reminds one a good deal of the distinguished amateur, who, with a mirror and a comb, played in the great work at the Academy the other day. His voice has the same exquisite softness, his manner the same high-toned (127th street) elegance; in fact he is a lost son of the same page; a drop from the same bucket.

The lady is a sunny blonde, suggestive of those British beauties whom you see on the landing-stages as you take your penny wharf of Father Thames, or who parade in all the glory of fluff and pearls by Albion's chalky cliffs at Dover, or breathe the South Downs breezes of Brighton, or await their attendant swells at the Saturday night boat steams into the harbor of Margate.

Good to look upon is ye English girl. Fair are her locks, blue are her eyes, snowy her hands, with my old friend Byron, who knew.

Fair is this particular Saxon, is Lucette. Young to the stage I should judge, but still easy and unaffected, with a good singing voice, too, a clear, full, vibrating mezzo-soprano; a thoroughly English voice trained in the English manner. Miss Lucette knows how to sing very well now. In a year or two she will be very fine. I hope she will come back to the metropolis next season. She's too good for Chicago or Orange county. As for the Captain, let him have a dash at the Austrians.

If he only acts at them one night, the war will be ended the next day.

The audiences were very select, including the cream of the free list and artists from the provinces. The public didn't come.

What next at the Metropolitan I don't know.

There are plenty of magnificent creatures in town waiting to astonish the public, so we may have some of them next week.

Theatre Francaise.

Sen had a fine benefit on Saturday. The play was *Le Vicomte de Latour*. I went, but it was so awfully hot that I couldn't stay. I'm willing to suffer a good deal for art, but the bouquet of the perspiring giant is too much.

Gerard's benefit to-night.

Trifles.

A Midsummer Night's Dream has been altogether a failure at Laura Keane's. At first it failed to comply with certain artistic conditions required by the promises of the Director, and at the same time was hardly intelligible to the general public. Even the annotations of Miss Laura Keane, Mr. Genio C. Scott, and Mr. Richard Grant White, failed to illuminate the vulgar mind. The consequence was a success of curiosity, as I predicted some weeks ago. Amongst other out and injured people through Miss Keane's (vide *Daily News*) sortie heavenward, was that eminent naturalist Francis and American, Citizen Grassmann, who furnished the sunlight, moon's rays, and other celestial things, all for ten dollars, which, according to a document addressed to Miss Laura Keane, she has neglected or declined to pay. The awful majesty of the law represented by Mr. Justice Dusenberry was to settle the affair yesterday. It is shocking to think of people who don't pay tailors and other terrestrial bodies, but the idea of refusing to settle for your sun, moon, and stars, and "specious fragment on high" (Watts), why, it's absolutely un-Christianlike. I have a horrid suspicion that, if they go to work in this way at the theatres of the Coliseum, we shall have some awful disasters. Who knows whether Puck put for his legs, or that Titania is square with Diabolo, or that Bottom has sinned for those fiddle Bells and Bass's Pales for the long wait between the acts?

Ponder, my masters, before you stir up that dangerous wild fowl, the law. Miss Laura Keane, however, is quite used to it. Like Burton, she would die without her sunbeams, citations, answers, replications, and demurrers. To her eyes the words "In re Brown v. Jones," are like the letters from the Koran which flashed on the acimeter of the faithful.

Chacun (not Charles, H. C. M.'s Vice Consul), a son goût!

Miss Keane has announced a play by Palgrave Simpson, called "The World and the Stage." It is a rechauffe of the various plays which have been written to show that actresses are all as chaste as Diana, and as pure as real Orange county milk. They have all suffered, however, at the hands of a wicked and scandalous world. In England, the injured innocent ones have been Madame Ellen Terry, sometime attached to the Cabinet of Charles the Second; Misses Margaret Worthington, Kitty Olive, Brangeline, and Jordan, and Madame Vestris. Literature has come forward, as they say in the theatre bills, "in the handsomest manner" to the defence of those much abused divinites. Simpson, like his namesake of Israelitish faith, has gathered all the old clothes of the other writers together, and made of them a Joseph's coat, perhaps a Mrs. Poliphem's Jupon would be nearer the mark, for Miss Amy Sedgwick. Miss Keane will produce it under the special patronage of Doctor B.

The Minors Goughenham (shockingly ugly name) commence their Summer season here on 4th of June. Mr. Jefferson will have a Summer season at the Theatre Francaise. He is engaged for next year by the Stars, for the new theatre up town.

"How much," asks the *Daily News*, "do we not owe to Italy?" and then the next youth goes in in this terrible way:

"Beautiful land—cradle of modern civilization—mother and nurse of redeemed literature, of the sciences, and the fine arts—Christendom is deeply thy debtor. When the captive Athenians chanted the dramas of Euripides in the quarters of Syracuse, the Muse achieved for them that nation which gold could not purchase. And thy poetry and music alone should inspire Europe to cut in twain the chains wherewith thou art bound, and set free thy beautiful form again."

Very sweet, of course. But how much does Italy owe to other people? Any way leave out the Macaroni, the best of all the institutions of the land of song?

The remarkably rapid passage of the Vanderbilt has excited considerable attention. It is claimed that she has made the quickest westward passage on record. She left the Needles at 7 P. M., on the 11th instant, and arrived at the lights at 10 P. M., on the 20th inst. Allowing about an hour and a half to come up the bay, she then made the passage in nine days nine hours and a half, exclusive of the time when she was detained by the fog. The *Belle* and *Frederic* have hitherto maintained the preeminence in speed, which must now be accorded to the Vanderbilt. The following abstract from the *Register* shows the distance made each day by the Vanderbilt during her late trip:

Day	Distance	Time
May 12—Left the Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 13—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 14—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 15—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 16—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 17—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 18—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 19—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 20—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 21—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 22—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 23—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 24—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 25—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 26—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 27—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 28—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 29—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 30—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00
May 31—Left Needles at 7 P. M.	100 miles	10:00

Total distance from Needles to lightship, 3,110 miles in 31 days, 10 hours, 10 minutes, and 10 seconds.

Approximate time of passage, 31 days, 10 hours, 10 minutes, and 10 seconds.

Approximate time of passage, 31 days, 10 hours, 10 minutes, and 10 seconds.

whole establishment. Any previous doubts as to the manner in which many matters were managed in our sister city, are now happily dispelled.

The amateur operatic performance in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund, on the 21 and 22 of June, promises to be very successful. Dr. Ward's opera, "The Ophry's Profile," will be interpreted by an excellent array of artists, including Mrs. Lucy Scott, Miss Phillips, Dr. O'Connell, and others. The chief tenor part is entrusted to Mr. Cooke, whose singing at concerts and in private circles has rendered his name familiar to musical people. In the choruses the members of the Mendelssohn Union will take part, and the orchestra will be under the charge of Mr. G. W. Morgan.

The use of camels for the transportation of cotton is to be tried in Alabama. The Mobile papers note the arrival of twenty-one of these animals from Galveston. It is said that one camel will readily carry two bales of cotton, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, over roads that are next to impassable to wagons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Don't Boil Your Servants for Punching holes in the refrigerator; it cannot be avoided if you use the common ice pick or mallet, but buy one of Lippincott's or Brown's patent ice breakers; they will save you double the cost in ice. For sale by all Hardware Dealers.

Manufactured by F. STEVENS, No. 129 Pearl street, up stairs.

No Boiling—No Boil—and Cannot Boil.

INDIA RUBBER SPRING BED. Married or single, who desire a clean and sweet place to sleep, are invited to call at 312 Broadway, East side (3d block above Broadway). The advantages, in brief, are cheapness, durability, and portability. Now in use by many of the best people in New York and vicinity.

1. An everlasting spring, cannot break, rust, or rot. 2. Perfectly clean, and not affected by heat or cold. 3. A child of ten years may put them in or out in two minutes. 4. Will last a generation, and may be applied to any bedstead, 36 to 48 in., according to size of the room.

F. COLETON, 312 Broadway, near Duane street, N. Y.

Remember the Springs only are India Rubber. All parties will find them desirable by reason of their being made from rubber, and not of vulcanized rubber to each bed.

For sale at HUTCHINSON & WICKESMAN'S, 312 Broadway, near Duane street, N. Y.

* A Watering place Hotel will find them especially desirable, as a small room will then serve for a large one.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

IL POLUTO.

STRAKOSCH ITALIAN OPERA.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 27.

POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT IN AMERICA OF M. L. PICOLOMINI.

under the management of Mr. Strakosch, previous to his final departure for Europe, which cannot, under any circumstances, be extended. Second production in America, and last night of Donizetti's tragic opera.

Il Poluto (The Martyrs), with Mlle. Piccolomini as Pauline, Signor Brignoli as Polio, Signor Rigoli as Polio, Signor Rigoli as Polio.

The Opera will be produced with a MAGNIFICENT ENSEMBLE, NEW AND SPLENDID SCENERY. Painted expressly for this work by Signor CALVO, pupil of Albini.

NEW AND CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES.

INTERIOR OF THE CATACOMBS.

The triumphal Entry of SEVERUS into Mitylene, with a GRANDE ARCE DE TRIOMPHE.

FULL MILITARY BAND ON THE STAGE.

In addition to the GRAND ORCHESTRA.

Mr. APOTOMAS, the celebrated Harpist, has been engaged for the accompaniments on his instrument.

concessions, and Mr. STRAKOSCH.

A CARD.

The Manager feels great satisfaction in producing, for the close of Mlle. PICOLOMINI's American engagements—the last of her last week her return in the United States—Donizetti's last work, the grand tragic opera,

IL POLUTO.

LAST PICOLOMINI GALA MATINEE.

With Mlle. PICOLOMINI's immortal masterpiece.

DON GIOVANNI.

Which will be produced with the most powerful cast and great force bestowed upon its previous representation. PICOLOMINI FOR THE LAST TIME IN HER MOST CELEBRATED AND UNRIVALLED CHARIOT RACE OF SEVERUS.

The MATINEE will conclude with the last act of

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Mlle. CORA DE WILHOSKY as Lucia; Mlle. HENRY SQUIRES as Raimondo.

The use of Tickets for the Matinee, price \$1, commences this morning at the usual place.

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